

"Dear Mr. President", New York, New York, January or February 1942

AFS 6408B

Cut B1

James Cavanaugh: My name is James Cavanaugh. I'm twenty-seven years old and presently employed as a clerk in a college in New York.

Originally I had planned to teach health education and had recently passed an examination in this field. However, the war seems to have changed all my plans. I'm not too eager to go. For I fear that I may lose the little I have gained and I don't like the idea of coming back seven or eight years from now to no more than I have now. I had planned to use the next few years to advance myself economically and academically, but that seems to *[long pause]* be out of the question.

However, I feel that I can't be too concerned with what happens to me as an individual. More important, I realize, are the things that our government and country stands for. So, when it comes to my turn I'll go willingly.

Cut B2

Robert Cavanaugh: Mr. Roosevelt, my name is Robert Cavanaugh of New York City. We are in the middle of a great national emergency. I think that you foresaw this emergency years ago and as I look back now I can see where you were trying to prepare us for it. Due to this situation I lost my job with an automobile company. But I bear no harsh feelings toward you, and I will go along with you until we emerge victorious.

Cut B3

[Song by Peter Bowers (Pete Seeger)]

Oh, the Martins and the Coys have quit their feudin'.

They don't live in West Virginia anymore.

You won't never find the men,

'Cause they're headed for Berlin.

And they're fighting in a different kind of war.

[Chorus]

Oh the Martins and the Coys,

They was reckless mountain boys.

They'd take up family feuding when they'd meet.

But now for the duration,

They have changed their occupation,

And they're fighting side by side till Hilter's beat.

Oh Pappy Coy shook hands with Pappy Martin.

He said "We won't be safe till Hitler's through.

So suppose we call a truce,

Until we cook his goose,

'Cause I hate him even worse than I hate you."

Then up spoke old Grandpappy Martin,

With his whiskers flopping proudly in the breeze;

"If I have to capture Tokyo,

Well, I guess that's okey-dokey-o.

I'm just waiting till they send me overseas."

[Chorus]

Uncle Charlie Coy was sleeping in the hen house,

But he jumped up when he heard that bugle call.
Now he's over in the Alps,
And he's hunting Hitler's scalp,
'Cause he wants that moustache hanging on his wall.
Then up spoke little cousin Elmer,
Who's been drunk since 1898.
He says "Boys, I'm staying sober
Until the shooting's over,
So if you don't mind, I'll take my water straight."
Now good people, this all points a lesson.
See what the Martins and the Coys agreed to do.
They have given up their feuding
For another kind of shooting,
And if they can do it I guess that we can too.
[Chorus]